Ova Da Wudz

Outkast

Something's gotta give
Yeah, you know what I'm sayin'?
Herring homes, unh, martel homes, carver homes, tekwood
Martin Luther king, bankhead
Under-cover, over da hills and thru tha woods I go
Like green lights, a southern nigga that's comin fo' yo' throat
But not no guillotine see, we be them southern playas
Remember the football socks, aerobic Reeboks and Decaturs, now
You up to par and ready fo yo lesson
I got an ounce of dank and a couple of drinks so let's crank up a session
Like Tri-City high school, was pullin' 'em in a broke down Rabbit
I spit a couple of words and layin' 'em down was just a habit
Just like smokey, choking off da pee-wee that we rolled up
Talkin' about the click will get you laid down hella swoled up
Hootie hoo slapped ya boyz across the cheek wit Isotoners
And went to tell yo momma and yo pop that you was a goner
Tell 'em Big Boi did it, I swear that nigga be rhymin'
Every lyric that he spit be turnin' charcoals into diamonds and pearls
Girl when you givin up them draws, 'cause
I got a couple of niggaz down the hall that wanna hit it too
I'm not the type to be actin' selfish
Set it out and let it out and I'll be right back just like Elvis
'Cause the postman rings twice
Hey Mr. Postman
Power, power, I come gimme some
Tha deadly voice over drums, we from, A.T.L.
Put tha S.W.A.T.S., S.W.A.T.S. on yo' car
Let's travel far, tha southern star shines
Power, power, I come gimme some
Tha deadly voice over drums, we from, A.T.L.
Put tha S.W.A.T.S., S.W.A.T.S. on yo' car
Let's travel far, tha southern star shines
Everybody wanna get signed, but, here to tell you
Record companies act like pimps
Gettin' paid off what we made
When we the ones that's fly like blimps
But ain't no Goodyear, I tell it like it is so I'm like look here
Just willin' to get what I deserve my kids to have a mother
And a little house, with a dog in the backyard goin' "woof-woof"

Who knows what I'ma say soon's I leave this recording booth
Poof, back in the real world where birds fly
From Miami by way of Cuba to whoever wants to get that high
There's clouds of clowns, seas of G's
Projects, packed with playas meditating on their knees
Just to make them ends meet, like ground beef
You won't believe the shit that niggaz attempt
'Cause they got other mouths to feed
Besides they own
Power, power, I come gimme some
Tha deadly voice over drums, we from, A.T.L.
Put tha S.W.A.T.S., S.W.A.T.S. on yo' car
Let's travel far, tha southern star shines
Power, power, I come gimme some
Tha deadly voice over drums, we from, A.T.L.
Put tha S.W.A.T.S., S.W.A.T.S. on yo' car
Let's travel far, tha southern star shines
There's some hoes in this house, damn right
I'm thinkin' about the way you skull me, guzz me
Suckin' me dry like deserts Mojave, Gotti, hotties and honeydips
Likin the way you do me, screw me it make my money flip
Shakin' that ass for daddy puttin' this gas off in my Cadillac
Back, don't ever snap, packin' the gats and pimpin' whores
Hors d'oevres, swerve, hit the curb because I'm reckless
Back in the days when I was broke I'd snatch your fuckin' necklace
You ol' pussy-ass nigga, yeah
Everybody hi
Everybody hi
Everybody hi
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